

FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

MARIE DE SERVICE A PARTIE DE LA CONTRACTION DEL CONTRACTION DE LA CONTRACTION DE LA

lian Alps, where Nicholas went hunting with the Austrian Emperor within a cor-don of 500 gendarmes, they mirrored an almost tranquil mind—sometimes. There were few human beings to frighten him.

were few human beings to frighten him. I haw the Czar quite often in these piaces and noticed his disposition to wink. He winks all everybody he meets, except soldiers and servants, and the quiet pleading in his look is pathetic.

It seems to gay: "You would not harm a well-intentioned man like mer spuid you?" Nicholas walks straight and is inclined to sway his hips.

He has pleasing manners, devoid of the

He has pleasing manners, devoid of the detestable military air that lends his cousin of Germany the appearance of un-

eality.

The word "command" does not seem to
e in his dictionary.

I said he bore himself well, but that

applies to his torso only. His head is bent forward, as if he were walking to-ward blinding sunlight or expected an attack upon his cranium.

eternal fear of one bigger than hir sell."

Nicholas is shy, quiet, but not taciturn.
On the contrary, he is ever willing to say a kind word to and for the people.

But conversation with him.

ing for the Czar cannot talk readily.

There is either an impediment in the flow of his thoughts or his words.

They say he writes better than he speaks.

the work was a six clearmut-colhair, assurably membed and as
ant to the comb as a propo of trained
no under the gree of thair Colonel
nose is an anticolonel to the comb and the second to the colonel
Carra byes are not and unsteady.

Dermandt, a small then easily manby a couple of thousand of secret
a men and Cossecks, they did not
outle the anxious look as in Vienna
choonbrunn, but at Mursteg, Tyrohips, where Nicholas went hunting

They say he writes petter than he
speaks.

As an Anstrian Prince, who shall be
nameless, drastically, sector when
nicholas fills to you, you have the feeling that he wishes you far away—without
reach of him, anyhow, though, at the
mane time, he is extremely politic and under all circumstances maintains a most
affable demeanor.

"But even the shortest confab seems to
in him with nervous disquietnde."

HIS HUNT WITH
FRANCIS JOSEPH.

FRANCIS JOSEPH. At Murzsten I saw Nicholas and Francis Joseph driving together, morning and evening, the old Emperor talking in ani-

mated fashion, his guest smiling and nodding pleasantly.

During dinner and at the nightly receptions. I heard him say a few words not

and then, but it happened so rarely that all present stood aghast. That, of course, only increased the little man's embarrasament,

The game-beaters tell me that his Majesty does not hunt in "right royal fash-ion"—that is, he refuses to slaughter game driven before his gun by the help-

He likes "stalking," because that mode of hunting insures him the solitude he craves. Some country folks who accidentally met Nicholas on the Alp-the people had been bidden to keep to their huts-say he looked at them at first like

A GREAT RULER, BUT IN
FEAR OF A GREATER ONE.

I never see the Car without a smile on his fips—the article of a man intent on currying favor.

Favor with everybody, for he fears cretybody.

"Did he not impress yet as a great of Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

"Perhaps," but as a lord standing in

Limitless is the Empire ruled by the in-bomprehensible Czar-limitless as to treasure and mystery, as to marvelous possibilities and deepest misery.

Free speech and thought is not yet with

It is the land of enigmatical contradic-tions, a realm full of dark secrets and dangers.

What we do know is that Russia has room for the most luxurious fairy palness by the side of the awfullest fails, that her frontiers are hermetically shut against books and men and women who might carry a ray-of intellectual light in-Government-fostered darkness, and

that her great son, Dostojewski, preached in Russia a philosophical system, equal to the classics (for which crime he suf-fered the lash and a terrible death in the Siberian ice fields). We do know that the Russian nobility reckons its fortunes by the number of "souls" at work for the feudal master in the fields, in mines and factories, and that Count Tolstol of illustrious family and of still more illustrious character

works harder than the poorest peasant, We do know that even to-day the Rus-sian masses are swayed by such barbaric superstitions and animal tendencies as our forefathers abandoned in the Midde Ages. and we also know that there was no more cultured modern writer than Turgenjieff. From Russia come stories of unspeak-able official cruelty and of limitless human patience.

Corporal punishment has been abolished Corporal punishment has been abolished all over Europe and the skin of murderers, thieves, robbers and all sorts of brutes is safe in the keeping of the police except in Russia, where high-thinking med, noble women and girls must lay their panting fiesh on blood-stained boards while murderous blows are rained down upon them for believing in the rights of man.

Corporal punishment has been abolished in the funded of fruit—a falling chestnut or apple might unnerve him—, this young fellow who is more easily frightened than a half-bred puppy, need but open his lips to set the world ablaze in every hemisphere.

His influence for good, or bad, extends to the farthest corners of the earth, his every whim is anxiously considered in the every whim is anxiously considered in the lips.

Every few months Russia furnishes the

sents that live either like saims or who animals.

Mathis Scaevels, who thrust his hand, that falled to stay his country's enemy, into live coats that it might suffer for missing its hurposes—Mutius was a great man; let me felt you that Bussia is full of metrics of this stamp.

of patriots of this stamp.

We do not know much about them, only occasionally we catch a glimpse of a nervy arm at the throat of the tyrant. Useless heroism; thy name is Russia. UNAPPROMINABLE SOLITUDE

And over all, patriots, slaves and syco-phats sits the Czar, enthroned in unap-proachable solitude.

By a stroke of the pen one of his an-cestors made himself and, descendants God's vicar on earth, and in this Twen-tieth Century the pretty young man ' introduced you to may treat the Princes of his Empire as German Barons chas-tised their peasants 200 years ago. Ruler over life and death, the Czar is a matter of course, but is also master of

He may confiscate the deposits of a savings bank, wipe out a newspaper and in the same breath abolish an established the same breath aboust an established church, and no man who prefers the light of the sun to the atmosphere of a dungeon durst say the word: "Why?" "Why did you have my father murcered, and raise his assassin to stately dignity?"

"Why do you permit your Cossacks to tear the backs of our wives and children with their knouts?" As I watched the little man in cheap hunting togs at Murzsteg, firing holes in the air, missing every aim set and appeal-ing to the good will of passers-by, the in-

congruity, yet temporal, unassallabieness of the political systems of the day struck me with peculiar force. This Emperor, who, on coming to Vienna refused to drive from the Hofburg to the palace of Schoenbrunn between lines of soldiers, lest the trees on the road were

first denuded of fruit-a falling chestnut

imperial palaces and ministries of Berlin and Vienna, of Pekin and London, of Rome and Tokio, and the President in world with stories of wholesale slaugh-ters, recalling the times of Ivan the Ter-rible, and daily we read of Czarish sub-the White House pays as much attention

of India, while the fate of Constantinople and of the Christians of the Balkans trembles in the hollow of his hand. ENVIED BY OTHER EUROPEAN MONARCHS.

Here we have an every-day young man, such as walks the streets of German or British towns in second the Romanoffs, you know, are oney a hundredth part Russian—whose "yes" or "no," whose faintest impulse is liable to change the face of the whole globe and send to the slaughter-

house as many human beings as did Na-poleon, Alexander, Caesar and Frederick the Great together.

And how his brother Kings envy this absolute sway, this antideluvian lordship. The power that revolutions, the scaffold, progress, changed times, blood and iron wrested from other crowned heads, the Czar retains undivided.

As a metter of fact, he is the only real As a matter of fact, he is the only real

King in the world to-day. Yet, viewed as an individual, he is insignificance personified-there the utter incomprehen ness of czarship begins.

Look at the life he is leading, with the

Look at the life he is leading, with the world dancing attendance upon him!

When his pet dogs or servants writhe in agony and die, after tasting the food intended for the imperial table. Nicholas must needs praise God for having once more saved him from assassination. A banquet is to be held at the palace to-night. The royal procession forms; the Em-

peror and his gentlemen in gorgeous uni-form, medallions and saints' pictures tin-gling on their chests; the Czarina, her ladies and friends commanding the mode for many months ahead by new creations in millinery they have donned.

And as the porter, in silver-laced livery.

opens the door of the great hall where they are to sit, is blown into smithereens, while the man himself is torn into a hun-dred pieces, the faithful servant's blood and brain bespattering the Empress's

very gowns.

Joys of imperial travel! Cossacks ahead
and behind. Cossacks lining the roadbed
on both sides; numberless officials and enon both sides; numberless officials and en-gineers, besides, who are responsible with their head for his Majesty's safety! Suddenly, in the midst of the endless steppe, many miles from the nearest hab-itation, a puff of white smoke, a tremend-

ous crash, rails bent, locomotive without the tracks, cars climbing one upon the

peeling an orange for the sovereign mas-ter, is thrown 300 feet; the nursemaids, the valets, the secretaries are dead.

The guards, who a second ago stood at attention, welter in their blood.

"Are you alive, Alix" "Thank the Lord, yes, and I see you are unburt. Nicholas, and our children, too, are safe." Another To Deum is sing, and the im-perial family camps on the blood-stained field until a relief train is brought up. FEAR SOMETIMES LEADS TO MURDER

"The Turk is murdering Christians again; let us hear what Edward has to say about it."

The Adjutant who carries King Edward's dispatch enters quickly, according to orders, holding the portfolio with the envelope in his outstretched hand.

Nicholas, forever watching people's movements, mistakes the map for a weapon and fires.

on and fires. The Adjutant is no more. But his wife this unhappy Majestyalways looking for assassins—blots out the life of a young ministerial secretary while the latter was about to doff his hat -blots out to him during a chance meeting on the

staircase. The Czar imagined the poor young fel-

to be avoided since Emperor Paul was strangled in the room the shutters of which are kept closed. "Don't go to St. Isaac's Square; there

the twenty gibbets for the Czar's nur-derers were raised. Nor to Admiralty Square, where my father came near los-ing his life." Wherever Nicholas goes the streets are swept clean of subjects, blinds are drawn, and it's death to allow a chimney sweep

n the roof. Nicholas is an intelligent man. He reads, speaks and writes at least

four languages; is genuinely interested in scientific problems; studies every new dis-covery; yet has a holy horror of the in-

Asleep or awake, he surrounds himself with tens of thousands of hired protectors against the hundreds of millions whom he rules by fear only.

Russians pale when they speak or think

of the mighty Czar, and the Czar himself pales at the sight of every nonuniformed man ir woman.

During the Moscow coronation festivities, in 1896, I heard Nicolas proclaim
his love of peace and progress, but nothing has altered in Russia since then.

The throne is still occupied by a bad
frishtened little chap, and the hundreds
millions of Russian subjects are no monhopeful of liberty under Nicolas than
they were under Paul and Alexander.

while the Czar was shooting pheasants in Darmstadt, his representatives were hunting Jews at home, and by the time he got ready to kill mountain sheep at Murzsteg, the Cossacks were driving the Armenians at the ends of their pikes.

HE MEANS WELL SAYS BROTHER-IN-LAW.

"But he is a well-meaning man, has the best intentions in the world," says the Grand Duke of Hesse, his brother-in-law, I do not doubt his royal Highness; I ac

cept the story of Princess Hohenberg told me that the Czar sometimes spe many days and nights in succession, crying with despair over his people's wees.
That only makes him the more of an enigma, that he has the will and the power and the moral support of the whole world, yet does nothing, absolutely noth-ing to better things.

Like his fathers, who were murdered,

The Czar imagined the poor young to low wanted to hit him.

Driving in St. Petersburg. Where shall we go?

"We must not touch the avenue, for prison, to carry fear before him and to prison, to farry fear before him and to shake with fear himself.

The Czar imagined the poor young to like his fathers, who were murdered the fathers, Nicolas is content to live in prison, to carry fear before him and to shake with fear himself.

come, is so great that it gave him a pe-culiar disease of the eye.

He sees everything double; the real per-son or thing reflected on his retina and the menace that may, or may not, lurk babind.

So has every noise two meanings for Nicolas, the actual and a hypothetical meaning, born out of his fear-ridden imagination. At Vienna and Schoenbrunn I noticed

particularly that the Czar's thin cheeks were pale.

I am afraid this paleness was due to the apprehension that the living protective wall, surrounding him, may some day spring a gap, through which the fist shall be thrust, that is hammering at the out-

side.
For the rest: An incomprehensible man is the Crar, and his head is lowered in fright.
HELOISE COMTESSE D'ALEMCOURT.
Vienna, October 18.

on more than one or two horses, and as e-

Tifth St. Louis Horse I Show to Be Most Notable Ever Given.

Continued from page one.

Nugents, will as usual be in evidence and always have with them a party of much splendor. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Crouch have

won considerable renown in former years by the gayety of their box parties. stunning tollets and to make nightly Their daughter, Mrs. Jack Williams, of appearances in their box. New York, has usually presented herself in the intest creations of the cou-This year Mrs. Williams and her husband may possibly reach St. Louis tion of some especially fine and handsome time during the week. Colonel and Mrs. James Gay Butler

usually gather about them lively groups on several nights of the week. Mrs. Butler is never so happy as when entertaining young people and fre-quently gives jolly dinners before the how. Miss Adele Hart will probably

the admired matrons of the evenings when she appears. SPENCERS TO ENTERTAIN

MANY YOUNG PEOPLE.

Charles Greenhall, of New York, who has stayed over after a visit of several weeks, especially for this event; also their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Frank. The ladies are invariably gowned with much taste. Mrs. Greenhall is a bride of the past summer and has worn numerous pretty costumes during her first visit home after her marriage.
Mr. and Mrs. Russell Gardner, Mr.

and Mrs. Fred Gardner and Mr. and Mrs. Will Gardner are all Horse Show devotees. The Mmes. Gardner may be confidently counted on to wear some

Earl Robinson and Oliver Garrison have been quietly making preparation touriere, with young people about her. for several weeks with various tailors of this and other cities for the produc some Vesta Tilley coats in which they expect to appear on the promenade and to create envy in the minds of other less fortunate young men. Both are extremely good-looking persons, with the necessary height and breadth of shoulder that tend toward a fitting display of such sartorial elegance.

be a guest in the Butler box this year.

Mr. Goodman King, whose husband is always a box-holder, may be expectious ally occupy a box and join friends on the promenade during intermissions. Mrs. Tansey wears bandsome ed to wear some quiet-toned but very elegant costumes during the week. Her sions. Mrs. Tansey wears bandsome tailored effects, and always is among the admired matrons of the evenings. many opera glasses, by reason of their exquisite taste displayed in gowns and

Mrs. Joseph Barada Widen, Mrs. The Fred and Ed Paramores have George Williard Tensdale, whose hats engaged a box for the week, and so are always effective and becoming. engaged a box for the week, and so have the Corwin Spencers, who will entertain many young people, their daughters, Miss Spencer and Miss Luile Spencer, being social favorites.

Mr. and Mrs. August Frank will entertain this year their daughter, Mrs. assembly.

Are always effective and becoming, mate callings, the bookmaker-the mate of books—the tout and the tipstor, which disperses of their wits, there is none in which the struggle for life is Mr. and Mrs. August Frank will en-fortain this year their daughter, Mrs. assembly.



"The race horse man"—that is the all embracing expression which the public has for them. It includes owners, breeders and the rider of the noble animal, as well as the other perhaps less legitimate callings, the bookmaker—the maker of books—the least the state of the color of the state of the color of t

Among the professions in which men | tions of the old racegoers, it is clear that live by the sharpness of their wits, there in no profession are the prises fewer and is none in which the struggle for life is the top of the ladder more difficult to

apt to emphasize Sam Lewis's career, and the thousands upon thousands he was philanthropist who has learned the mision of the modern millionaire. But the thousands who never balanced

book, though they followed the horses until they were out their shoeleather and credit, and the thousands who never rode a winning mount are lost sight of altogether, except by the very few who follow the viciesitudes of the turf in a watchful spirit of human and equine philosophy.

In England, the modern home of bet-

ting, and certainly the paradise of the bookmaker, there are not a few of these nagnificent creatures who claim to do a strictly commission business. They maintain that they are no more

gamblers than are the brokers of Capel court and Wall street, who buy and seil for their clients on a strict percentage Without expressing an opinion as to the

validity of this claim that the Englishmen make, it is quite certain that it cannot be made in favor of their American cousins. TANKEE BOOKIE A GAMBLER. Our bookie is a gambler and must take big chances.

Prequently he is hard hit and goes without his midnight supper; not infrequently he is wiped out altogether and his card opears from the ring that knew him well. The reason of this difference in fortune is plain.

In England the people who play the races, whether it be for weal or woe, repent more of a profesional element than is the case with us, and they know more about horses, or think they do, which, for betting purposes, amounts to the same thing, than the same people with us.

same amount, of course, but still a goodly

the gambling, not to say the plunging, necessary to preserve him and his book from the overwhelming consequences of a popular success.

To do this successfully, to make a book that will beat the public and still keep the

public in good humor, is our bookmaker's In its performance he requires a great many forms of knowledge, and, as they say in the Philippines, "all kinds of

money." He must have made antiquarian researches in the stud book and the pages

of pedigrees.

He must have the public form of every performer at his fingers' ends, and then -perhaps most important of all-he must be the first to learn the stable rumors and acquire a personal knowledge, if possible,

of the morning gallops.

When all this varied knowledge is acquired and digested it must be utilized in the making of his book, and no man can do this who is leading an idle, self-indul-

and life.

As a matter of fact, your bookmaker is generally as sober as most Judges, and physically as hard as nails.

He may sit up late in the all-night cafes, but his purpose probably is to reach one of the metropolitan tracks before daylight to investigate stable rumors. fore daylight to investigate stable rumors For, of course, at every track, and in &

good many stables, too, he has a number of agents in his pay, all of whom he hu-mors and none of whom, doubtless, he im-

In a word, there is no business that requires a clearer head, a more perseveries industry, than that of the bookmaker. Of course, every now and then a bookmaker or a maker of books dissents from the distance generally accented by his In England it is quite a common occurrence to see fifteen horses entered in one of the great sporting events, each and crooked than any ram's house the second of the great sporting events, each and crooked than any ram's house the second of the great sporting events, each and crooked than any ram's house the second of the great sporting events, each and crooked than any ram's house the second of the great sporting events. trooked than any ram's horn that ever was grown.

It is wonderfully little they see of the

same amount, or course, but still a goodly share of the public's money.

With us this diversity of opinion and the courage to back it are almost entirely lacking.

With us the public rarely has its money

With us the public rarely has its money